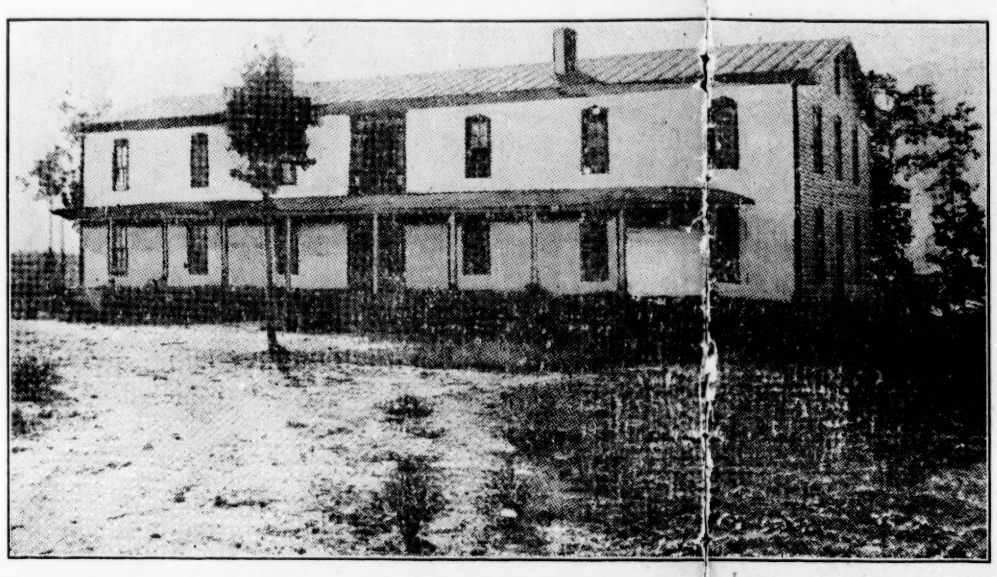
OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 16. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, June 16, 1910. Number 12.



Commencing with this issue of OUR FATHERLESS ONES we expect to give a short sketch of the Home. How it started and its progress, together with the pictures of the different buildings. The above is a picture of the old Hotel that was destroyed by fire in 1891.

"WHERE THERE IS NO WAY."

Clara Vancourt suddenly awakened to the fact that she had lived a barren and unprofitable life, that her first youth was passed, and that, unless she made haste, it might not be possible to grasp the opportunity which she had heard the philosophers of her small circle say comes to every man and woman at least once in a lifetime. Clara Vancourt was the second of three daughters of a man who had achieved a modest success as a haberdasher on Hammersmith Broadway, and who retired from business on his sixty-fifth birth day. He had no son to succeed him, and the thought of passing the concern on to any of his daughters did not occur to him. It would have transformed the drab existence of three suburban young women into a purpose and possible achievement, but it is not the sort of thing that is commonly done, therefore Clayton Vancourt did not do it. He was not a man to strike out into new paths for himself. He sold the goodwill of the business to Vickermann Cook, his chief assistant, and considered himself generous in allowing five years for payment on the instalment system. Then he retired to a house in Savernake-road, Putney a typical suburban house with a long, narrow strip of garden in which he had proposed to spend the time he had hitherto devoted to business. The retirement was not a success. Cut off in a moment from all that had hitherto made life worth living, though he did not know it, Clayton Vancourt became limp, inert, dull as ditch-water, though not actually unhappy. He only lived two years. He left his widow and three daughters comfortably provided for, as comfort is understood in that walk of life. They had the house and four hundred pounds a year to live upon, which, equally divided, would have given them a hundred a year each. But there was no thought of dividing it. The united sum made a comfortable and negotiable whole and everybody congratulated them on their freedom from care. But it was a very bad thing for these women, especially for Clara, who had in her the makings of a larger-hearted woman. For five long years she endured the petty tyranny of her home life. It may be said here that Mrs. Vancourt was a thoroughly capable-person of the managing type. She ruled her household well, and never permitted herself to realize that her daughters had grown up. They enjoyed the usual latitude of trivial social engagements and microscopic duties, save the mark! which fall to women in such a position, and which, if persisted in, ultimately destroy their individuality, and sometimes their souls. One day Clara, exasperated beyond measure by some trifling incident, which need not be mentioned here, spoke out.

"Mama, I want you to give me my hundred pounds, and let me go out into the world for one year."

"Merciful goodness, Clara Vancourt, are you off your head?" inquired Mrs. Vancourt, tempted to the freedom of speech belonging to the far-back and much more virile stage of her career. "I'll send for Dr. Lagarde at once."

"My hundred pounds for one year!" repeated Clara steadily, and her colourless face, if it did not exactly show amination, moved with a sort of spasm which indicated life. "And if I don't get it, I go without."

Clara was a tall person of spare figure, conspiciously, even painfully neat. She had a long, thin face, with features rather too sharpely defined for he looks even to be passable. Her hair was of a dull brown, without a glint of life or sunshine in it, not a hair was out of its place. Her hands were bony and nervous; they were working now on her lap as she stared steadily at her mother's comely but very hard face. Mrs. Vancoust regarded her revolting daughter with some slight dismay. She remembered that it was Clara's thirty-ninth birthday, and that perhaps, as she was getting on in life, her health might be inclined to affect her mind. Mrs. Vancourt was nothing if not practical. She had disposed of the few crises of her life with a philosophy which Job might have envied. Vancourt, for instance, died of a chill caught in the garden seeing to the cucumber frame on a frosty night. But Vancourt really died of his retirement from business, which had sapped his life-blood. And she did not see that her daughters, but more especially Clara, were slowly dying by a similar, if more lingering process. Clara had two weeks of inconceivable arguing and futile reasoning. During that time Dr. Legarde was called in twice, and confessed himself frankly baffled.

"A little change at this time, dear Mrs. Vancourt, would undoubtedly be beneficial to Miss Clara. The ozone at Margate in September is particularly fine. I recomend Margate and cheerful society, and I will write to my old college friend, Robert Markham, to take the case in hand."

Mrs. Vancourt was comforted, and took instant action. She would herself take Clara to Margate, never having been known to fail in her duty in her life.

While the preparations for Margate were going forward Clara made Sundry pilgrimages into town and did several pieces of private business. She went at various times, with some secrecy, and very often carrying a brown paper parcel. On the last evening. when she was supposed to be getting her trunk decorously packed for the cheerful boarding-house at Clifton-ville, she went out, and did not come back. And nothing more was heard of Clara Vancourt in Savernake road for several years. It was a cruel thing to do in a sense, because it must always be cruel to cause unnecessary anxiety. But Clara Vancourt's nature was so warped that she had lost her sense of proportion. She simply said to herself that the time had come to cut herself adrift, and she did so as completely as if the world had swallowed her. It was a terrible thing to happen in a family of such unimpeachable respectability as the Vancourts, and they never quite recovered from it. The usual agencies, employed by the vast expense of Mrs. Vancourt, failed to discover the smallest clue. It was therefore accepted by the Vancourts, and with a less degree of certany by their friends, that Clara had walked into the river on a dark night, and that her body had been washed out to sea.

In the month of November, five years after Clara's disappearance, a letter arrived at the Poplars, Saver-snake road, which threw the three women into a state of wild consternation. The years had perceptibly aged them, and the rigid routine of their lives had not failed in its narrowing work. That letter containing news of Clara, acted as a bomb might have done in a peaceful and unsuspecting camp.

"Merciful goodness, girls!" cried Mrs. Vancourt, using unconsciously the same expression that had fallen from her lips when Clara made her never-to-be-forgotten request for the control of her income for one year. "Listen to this."

She preceeded to read aloud, and it says something for her stoical powers that she did so in a voice that did not tremble.

"Home for Little Boys,
"Leswalt, Sussex,
"Nov., 189—.

"Dear Madam— I am writing to you at the request of our Matron, Miss Clara Vancourt, who is very seriously ill, and whom, I regret to say, we are about to lose. We had a surgeon from London yesterday, who pronouces her case quite hopeless, and who says she has not more than a few days to live. Miss Vancourt is extremely anxious that you should not lose any time in coming to see her. She is very cheerful and not suffering, but her weakness is extreme. This is a day of mourning for us at Leswalt, for we shall never be able to fill her place. Please wire the hour of your arrival at Leswalt, so that a fly may be sent to the station, as we are four miles out and no conveyancest wait a the station. Assuring you of my sympathy, —I am, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

"Sydney Grieve (Warden)."

Mrs. Vancourt did not lose her wits. In an incredibly short time the few arrangements necessary were made, and they proceeded by the Underground to Victoria to catch their train. Consultation of the A. B. C. time-table had revealed the fact that Leswat was fifty-seven miles from London, and that a change had to be made into a slow train at Lewes Junction. They arrived at the bleak little wayside sation on the edge of the downs at half-past twelve, and found the fly waiting. They did not speak a single word as they drove steadily upwards through a cutting wind edged wish hailstones to the long low range of buildings nestling in the hollow of the downs, sheltered from nearly every wind that blew. They were met by the porter and conducted at once to the Warden's room. He rose from his desk, a small, spare man with an eager, ascetic face and keen eyes which had a peculiar depth of kindliness feeling in them. He was frankly disappointed with Miss Vancourt's people, but did not suffer disappointment to show. He possessed more than most men that keen intuition regarding human nature which is as relentless and as unerring as the surgeon's diagnosis. He said afterwards that Clara was the only flower in the Vancourt field.

"Yes, she is alive and expecting you," he said as he shook hands with Mrs. Vancourt and passed to the two colourless women by her side. "May I suggest that only one goes up at a time?"

Mrs. Vancourt hesitated a moment, struggling hetween her natural pride and reticence and her extreme desire to obtain some particulars to drive her upstairs. The Warden had not betrayed that he knew there was anything unusual about the Matron—probably Clara herself had said nothing about the way she had cut herself away from them. But she was wrong. He knew all, but did not choose to speak about it.

"Had better wait here, Hannah and Emily," she said in the preceptress tone which she had used to them all their lives. So they were left staring helplessly at one another in the bare little room, and their mother disappeared. She went up a broad stone staircase of that chill and immaculate cleanliness associated with institutions; but the room into which she was ushered was a homely place, full of warmth and comfort and light—a lady's room, in which a lady was awaiting death with a cheerful courage. She was sitting up, and at sight of her face a little cry escaped Mrs. Vancourt. She scarcely recognised Clara, who seemed to have grown beautiful. She was still very thin, but her features seemed more exquisitely refined, and her hair, very softly waved about her brow, was as white as snow. Her eyes were shining, and her smile had an unearthly sweetness.

"How kind of you to come, mamma," she said, extending both her hands. "It shows that you have forgiven me." The door closed and Mrs. Vancourt drew in a chair and sat down.

"Why did you do it, Clara?" she asked, not angrily or even peremptorily, but with a sort of wistful wonder.

"Dear, I must try and explain, but it will not be easy," replied Clara, as she leaned forward, her chin outlined white and exquisite like a cameo against the soft rose of her dressing jacket. "I always wanted to go and do something. Do you remember when I left school, and neither you nor papa would listen to me? It made me unhappy then, and as I got older I seemed to get quite desperate. I could not be like Hannah and Emily; always inside of me there was something crying out for a different life. I wanted to realise myself."

"We did our best, Clara," said Mrs. Vancourt, a little stiffly, "and papa never grudged you anything in reason, I am sure."

Clara smiled very, very softly, as if just for a moment she had gotten a glimpse of the old, impossible way.

"It was not that, dear," she answered gently. "I could not have explained myself then. I don't think I can now. It only meant that I needed more room —that my soul was sick to death. I used to read the book of Job through and through, and always seemed to get anchored on these words: 'He taketh away the heart of the people of the earth, and causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way.' That is how it was with me. I was in a wilderness where there was no way."

Mrs. Vancourt listened, totally uncomprehending, in no doubt but that Clara was a little touched in her head.

"How did you come here, Clara? Remember we know nothing, and—and I am your mother."

"I did not get this place for a a long time. I simply, when I left Putney, took a situation in a house to take care of children and to help the mother."

"Clara!" cried Mrs. Vancourt in a shocked voice. "And brought up as you had been!"

"It was with a lady who knew about the work here, and was interested in it; in fact, she was the Warden's sister, and when the Matron left, she got me the the place. I've been here just over four years." She paused, for her eyes were so joyful with the secret spring of her heart, that she feared to give offence. "God brought me here, mamma; you see, there are women who, though they will never be mothers, have the mother-heart. Here mine was filled. We have a hundred and seventeen, and I love them all. They love me too," she said, with an indescribable thrill. "They steal up in twos and threes to see me, and when I can bear it, it is the sweetest thing in the world. And eleven have died since I been here. To-morrow, or the next day, I shall find them again, and so my heart will never be empty any more.

Mrs. Vancourt rose a little alarmed, and asked had she better not call the doctor. She was disturbed by what she had heard; it was what she called an upsetting experience. Later in the day (for being told the end was very near, Mrs. Vancourt decided that it was her duty to remain till all was over) she

(Continued on page four)

OUR SYNODICAL ORPHANS HOME.

The year 1883 saw the first movement on the part of the Presbyterians of North Carolina, looking to the establishing of an Orphanage, for the Destitute children of our Church.

The fountain from whence came this inspiration, was the loving pity in the hearts of a few Godly women residing in Charlotte; and their efforts were nobly seconded, by Mesrs. Geo. E. Wilson R. B. Alexander and others like them, who wisely foresaw a great door open for beneficient service.

A building was secured, and a beginning was made under the management of Mrs. P. T. Penick, a woman of a noble Christian character, the widow of Rev. P. T. Penick. Though limited in its accomodation and resources, Mrs. Penick made it from the first a Christian home, and her earnest piety was felt by every inmate.

The number of children seeking refuge in the home increased so rapidly that the ladies who had inspired the movement thought it wise to place the Home under the broad aegis of the Synod. About this time Mrs. Penick resigned the management and Mrs. McCombe became manager and continued in office with decided success until the removal of the Orphanage to Barium Springs Iredell Co. N. C.

The removal to Barium Springs occured January 11th 1891, and the home was placed under the efficient management of Rev. R. W Boyd who came from the pastorates of Unity and Castanea churches in Mecklenburg Presbytery to become the builder of Barium Home. The only building at Barium that was available was a two story wooden structure with a two story porch running the length of the building, and Mr. Geo. E. Wilson and a few other gentleman put the old hotel in comfortable order, thus making a good start toward housing the children that soon began to shelter beneath its roof. The children in the Home before its removal from Charlotte numbered about 25 and about half of them came on to Barium.

The old hotel stood on part of the present site of Rumple Hall, and one morning in November 1891 it was found to be on fire, and baffling every effort to save it became a mass of ashes and cinders: We give a picture of the old building as it stood. Brother Boyd nothing daunted, gathered together his little flock, and sheltered them in Statesville temporarily until the Regents could decide what was best to be done. An account of the building of "Annie Louise Cottage" by Mr. Watts of Durham and of the Synod's Cottage for boys by the the Church will be given later.

[Continued]

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, June 16, 1910.

SUPERINTENDENT WALKERS LETTER TO THE CHURCHES.

Barium Springs, N. C.
June 10, 1910.

Dear Brother:—

Concerning the June collection for the Orphans Home, allow me to remind you that we are greatly in need of funds.

We owe now about $4500.00 and our expenses are continuing. We want this debt lifted, and a good sum sent in to carry us through to Thanksgiving.

Some of our creditors are asking for what we owe them, and there are some to whom we owe larger amounts. Others who are not pressing us should be paid. Our accounts have been carried for a long time already.

Let the churches, Sunday Schools and individuals come to our relief at once.

With a family of 200, including 20 odd workers, we need a regular monthly income. Will you not endeavor to let us have a liberal offering in the June collection? Also please send us monthly gifts to this needy and worthy cause.

Fraternally yours,
W. T. WALKER.

CHURCH ENDOWMENTS ARE A MENACE TO RELIGIOUS GROWTH.

Endowment! Endowment! is now the cry, and all sorts of Institutions, are trying for a share in the millions of the millionaire. There are very few charitable Institutions if any that could not use to a fair amount of profit a reasonable Endowment.

When it comes to the Orphanage, we believe that a moderate Endowment, that should yield income enough to pay for all school expenses may and should be used. But we think the support fund should come every year from the hearts and pockets of God's people.

We have never known a church that was really benefitted spiritually by having an endowment. Money coming from such a source to pay preacher, missions, and charities tends to make the individual church member careless as to giving for any religious cause; and the grace of giving fails to be cultivated in such a church.

The richest church corporation in the world is "Trinity" in New York.

This church had left to it as a corporation a large landed property in New York and it has grown in value and power until to-day this church owns millions of the best property in New York city.

Trinity church has always been an obstructionest as to improving its property or in supplying its tenants even with an ample supply of water.

This church is managed very much like a bank, and in taking care of its temporal affairs, it has lost out in a spiritual way and if you are hunting for genuine piety and aggressive Christian work you would not likely to go to Trinity for it.

Endowments are good for schools, colleges, Hospitals and many charitable Institution but we never desire to see an endowed church its means a worldly kind of a corporation, that is always looking out for the best paying investments.

ABOUT BOYS.

It is perhaps very truly said, that "the boy is the Father of the man." And if this be so, then we have a strange anomaly in the fact, that immaturity should be the progenitor of maturity.

Should we not rather say that in every boy their are certain possibilities, there is a certain heredity, that is largely wrought out in his future life, much depending upon his environment. Take a child of the slums, he is familiar with crime from babyhood, and early learns to lie and to deceive others, just as his supposed betters deceive each other.

It has been proved as a fact in heredity, that one old woman in New York, had been the progenitor of over one thousand criminals that had been tried and punished by State Law. A boy from these slums is just as naturally a criminal, as that a fish is a fish, and swims: and so this old woman sent her mean criminal blood, coursing through the veins of all those law-breakers at vast cost to the State and with great harm to the whole community.

It is a matter of first importance then, to know what kind of boys you have to deal with; is there a tendency toward criminality? An old stock raiser in Virginia used to say, "to raise a certain kind of horse you must have blood, if the daddy trots, and the mammy trots, you can't expect the colts to pace."

There is a whole book in this one sentence. If a boys early environment has been evil, and his parents have been evil before him, the moral proposition is an immense one.

The first thing to do is to make a study of each boy; know all you can of his antecedents, and try to find out how much natural affection he has, and who and what he loves most.

If a boy has a hard heart. try to soften it by kindness and love. If he has a tender heart, that is the surest door through which to get at the best that is in him.

We will later on, give a little outline of certain characteristics in the average boy, and how to deal with them.

FIELD NOTES.

Leaving the red hills of Iredell your cerrespondent found his way to Charlotte along with Captain Rowland who always announces "next stop (Charlotte the second best town in the State.) The Captain roots for Statesville. Spending a few hours in hustling Charlotte we found the Seaboard station where we also found a special coach provided by Mr. H. S. Leard (the general passenger agent of the Seaboard) who gave "the press gang" every comfort and went along with us to see that "we got what was a coming to us." Mr. Leard is just an all around fine fellow and knows just as well how to mix as if he had been born to "the fourth estate."

What a jolly crowd we had, and although that 180 odd miles was a tiresome run no body seemed to mind it, and although we were until after midnight in reaching "The Tarrymore Hotel," we were all alive enough to wake up the guests, and let them know that our gang had come. We had some good story tellers on board and some real good hearty laughers, to hear them was as contageeus as the measles. Those old veterans of the press John B. Sherrell and Wade Harris, each with the best half of him along made everybody feel that the North Carolina Press Association was "some punkins." Archie Johnson his wife and daughter also made the journey enjoyable to many. The tide water company cars met us at the station and dear old Wilmington seemed there too. A ride of thirty minutes, and we came (at "the witching hours of midnight") within sound of the ever restless booming sea, and under the star lit sky we could see the white rollers chasing each other along the sand reaches and were lulled to rest, with "what are the wild waves saying."

We knew that the N. C. Press Association was represented by a brainy lot of men but never before, had we come in contact with so many "opinion makers" and we are not surprised that this yearly gathering should have such a powerful influence in building up our State, in all that goes to make the greatness of a Commonwealth. In our next we will give just a few shap shots of the convention.

This gathering of The Press Association at Wrightsville Beach was in many respects the most notable one in its history. Here assembled representives of the Press, from city, town, village, and cross roads. And the Rev. J. O. Atkinson of Elon College presided over its deliberations with forceful dignity. Wilmington through her Mayor extended to us the right hand of hearty welcome. The Power Line gave us a session Ticket to and from the Beach, to the city and all over it. Our badges seemed to be an "open sesame" to the best that Wilmington had, while mine host Moore and his able assistants at "The Tarrymore Hotel, lost many hours of wholesome sleep in their efforts to give us the good time we certainly had.

The sessions of each day were filled with good things, and only very practical questions were discussed. We would mention especially the essay of Wade H. Harris of The Evening Chronicle on "Harmony in the Sanctum;" "The Appeal of Public Health to the Press," by Dr. W. S. Rankin of the State Board; "The Press and the Courts," by Judge R. W. Winston; "The News Paper and the Uplift of Country Life," by R. M. Phillips of Greensboro; "How may the Press help in the good Roads Movement," by H. B. Varner; "The Child," by J. P. Cook of "The Uplift."

These were a few of the subjects discussed, and perhaps there was a purpose in placing President Henry Louis Smith of Davidson College just where he came in the program. It was just after the reading of the Annual Poem by D. L. St. Clair of the Sanford Express, and just after an afternoon of wrestling with the unpoetic subject of good roads.

Dr. Smiths subject was, "The Editor as an Educator." I was sitting near a member of the Press from Morganton who had never before heard Dr. Smith; this gentleman turned to the writer at the close of this master piece and said: "that is the finest thing I ever heard," and his encomium was well deserved.

The Banquet was presided over by Banker C. N. Evans who is a past master in this line who knows how to get the best out of the material in hand.

The Toasts were all appropriate and were responded to by such men as John M. Julian, J. A. Taylor, Hon. W. C. Dowd, Major E. J. Hale of Fayetteville and others who had the nack of saying good things in a striking way.

The presentation of the mendacity medal by Wade Harris, to our worthy secretary, John B. Sherrill of Concord, for the whoppinist fish story, was an event of the evening that evoked on little applause. Friday forenoon was given to a delightful excursion to Southport on the Steamer Wilmington. Her jolly and genial Captain was mine host in good style and a liberal lunch was served on board. Thus passes into history a memorable session of our Press Association and Wilmington and Wrightsville Beach will long be gratefully and and pleasantly remembered.

WM. LAURIE HILR.

NEW OFFICERS.

The North Carolina Press Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, M. L. Shipman, Hendersonville Hustler; first vice-president, J. J. Farriss, High Point Enterprise; second vice-president, J. H. Caine, Asheville Citizen; third vice-president, T. G. Cobb, Morganton Herald; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Sherrill, Concord Tribune; historian, D. J. Whichard, Greenville Reflector; orator, James H. Cowan, Wilmington Evening Dispatch; alternate orator, J. P. Cook, Uplift; poet, W. L. Hill, OUR FATHERLESS ONES, Barium Springs. Executive committee, H. A. London, Pittsboro Record; R. M. Phillips, Greensboro Daily News; R. W. Vincent, Charlotte Observer; H. B. Varner; Lexington Dispatch; and D. T. Edwards, Kinston Free Press.

We are not umpiring this game, but we think the call is now, "Johnson to the bat."

Have you ever observed how our people instinctively turn to Mr. Rockefeller for help in the endowment of their colleges? And have you also observed how the deacon is rising in public favor! It used to be quite the thing to call him a white-livered thief and scoundrel, but of late he is treated with the utmost consideration, and we expect to see the day come when the Statesville Landmark will be willing to hand him a pass through the golden gate.—Charity and Children.

The deacon already has the pass, so far as any human agency can give it to him. The Church people whose favor he has bought have given him a clean bill of health. His rise in public favor has been exactly in proportion to his so-called gifts, more properly speaking, the purchasing power of his money. Honest, Bro. Johnson, did you ever see a stronger case of the power of money?—Landmark.

While two French men have crossed the straits of Dover successfully (Bleriot making the first great record.) We now have even something more remarkable.

An Englishman Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls left Dover England at 6:30 P. M. on June 2nd. (in an American machine) crossed to Calais, and returned again to Dover, all in 90 minutes making the 42 miles without a stop.

DOING THE HARD THING.

There is no hardship ahead of us in life, says the Sunday School Times, that may not be made easier by doing the hard thing of today with unflinching faithfulness. And every hardship that lies ahead will be the harder to meet by any failure of ours in today's test. This day's testing and trial is sure to be severe. It probably seems unfarely so. It may be the hardest we have ever yet known. It is sure to seem dull and unattractive, and utterly lacking in those elements of picturesqueness or heroism or adventure that seem to mark the achievements of the world's great victors. But that is what makes it hard to the point of being worth while. And here is another reason for taking up its challenge manfully: "For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off." How we ought to rejoice that there is something close at hand that is big enough to test us but not big enough to break us!—Selected.

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HOME HAPPENINGS.

THE JUNE COLLECTION.

We beg to emphasize this collection. Unless our churches come up, and do their duty at this time which has been appointed as an ingathering to help us through, until Thanksgiving day we shall get deplorable behind in our support fund. let us have a joyous and generous offering that shall lift from us the burden of debt.

Irish potatoes or as the children call them taters are just a blooming and a growing and should nothing cut us short, we will have the best crop ever grown at Barium.

We have just enjoyed a very pleasant visit from Miss Rebecca Wood who bade us good by for a summer visit to Mrs. A. G. Jordon of Mount Olive N. C. Mrs. Jordon is pleasently remembered as an inmate of Barium Home ten or twelve years ago.

Our wheat field is ripe! ripe! ripe! and is only waiting on the weather. The long rainy season, due in May, has struck us in wheat harvest and stops the reapers. Our wheat field is an object lesson to all this section brother Bailey has the neighbors beaten a mile we think.

The dark gloomy weather prevented regular services Sunday night, but the children gathered at Howard Cottage, and we had a delightful Song Service. The parlor was crowded and even the hall: chairs, and cushions on the flour furnished seats, and a happier or more musical family than ours, it would be hard to find.

We would call the especial attention of our readers to the letter of our worthy Superintendent Rev. Wm. T. Walker to the Pastors and churches of the Synod. This call of the Orphan is one that should reach your hearts and pocket books and do so at once. We have weekly applications to take more needy Orphans into the home, but with a depleted treasury, how can we do so?

Our very loyal friends Messrs J. K. Morrison & Sons Co. of Statesville have moved into their new building and are at home in one of the most up to date establishments we ever saw. Their offices are no finer than their beautiful store rooms all are the perfection of comfort and give to them facilties for serving their customers unsurpassed. We gladly give to them old Rip Van Winkles toast "may you live long and prosper."

Lees Cottage has a boy that seems ready for emergencies, being called on to supply the matron with a feather for anointing purposes, Elmus disappeared, and a squawk from the chicken yard was heard. Soon he returned triumphant saying "I got him." Why where have you been Elmus? "To the chicken yard, I didn't know any where else to get a chicken feather." Elmus got the feather all right.

Last week Miss Harrington and the boys at Lees Cottage indulged in a thorough house cleaning. Rooms were scoured, windows washed, curtains put up, and all the beds were given such a sunning as "never was." The result of all this upheaval was that the beds were so delightful, that few of the Lees Cottage boys got any breakfast the next morning. They slept the sleep that was oblivious to the rising bell.

"Childrens Day" was observed in Little Joe's Church on last Sunday, and the services were both interesting and profitable. Our collection amounted to $10.71, which was a very liberal offering. The giving was almost unanimous, among the children, and this amount realized, meant not only liberality but sacrifice. Our dear children do not get a great deal of money and when they give from their meagre store, it means going "without something." Their offering would put to shame many a church with many and greater resources.

OLD JOE.

BY BESSIE COOK.

I am neither speaking of a boy or girl, but of old Joe dog who was raised at Barium Springs by Mr Boyd. Joe was a good faithful dog and seemed to know the rules as well as the children.

In months when we are not allowed on the grass Joe finds his sleeping place somewhere else. Old Joe has spent many happy evenings hunting squirrels and rabbits in the woods.

At nights Joe went along as one in the party hunting 'possums, and when the game was cooked he always got his share.

When the old boys came back they wanted to take old Joe and go hunting right away. They would tell old Joe what good times they used to have with him when they went hunting, and what good times they would have during the holidays in the woods with him.

Sometimes when the girls cleaned up at Lee's Cottage they would find old Joe fast asleep on the beds. The boys seemed to think as much of o d Joe as if he were one of the boys. Old Joe has watched our campus faithfully and we miss him very much. Our Editor gave us a dog to take the place of old Joe. The children seem to think lots of the new dog which they call Rob Roy. He seems to be the pet of the girls more than of the boys The girls love to play with Rob roy and love for him to run after them.

Even our Lady manager seemed to think lots of old Joe. When old Joe died one of the boys asked for the song of "Old Black Joe" and said it was our old Joe dogs favorite. We are glad to see Rob Roy in old Joe's place, but we are very sorry of the death of old Joe.

THE USES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Use and beauty have too commonly been regarded as necessarily separate attributes! Things of utility must be commonplace, and it is immaterial if the commonplace be ugly; its very ugliness makes us appreciate all the more the beauty of things rare, kept precious and apart—that is the view the multitude has been led to take, and from which even many astists are not exempt.

It was the old-fashioned custom to insolate all the nice things of the household in the "best room," which was too precious to live in; but the modern practice is to make the whole house as beutiful as possible.

A forced familiarity with ugliness dulls the taste for beauty-So, unless the eyes are wonted to the beautiful by seeing it on every side, resident in the common things, beauty at its best can not be given to the things set apart to wear it as a garment of state, as in statues, monuments and public buildings.—Exchange.

THE SOUTH-LAND.

The following verses were offered as a toast by our Editor, when called upon at the Press Association Banquet at Wrightsville Beach on Thursday night June the 9th. Toast Master Evans "took him rather sudden," but he did the best he could in the emergency.

Land of the pine and fruitful vine,
Land of the Cotton bloom,
Land of the Cane and soft south rain,
Land of the song-birds sweet refrain,
Thy skies seem ne'er agloom.

How rich and fair thy landscapes are,
Mountain and vale and stream.
Beneath thy deep etherial blue,
Or, when majestic storm clouds brew,
And lightnings flash and gleam.

Ah! tis a sweet and lovely land,
Tis rich in homes and men.
Tis rich in hearts not filled with arts,
That seek by tricks of busy marts.
To blind your honest ken.

Land rich in women fair and true,
They thy crown jewels are.
They brightly shine with beams divine,
More wealth they yield, than mart or mine,
Our manhood's guiding star.

God keep this land in purity,
Remove each stain of sin,
His grace bestow, soften each woe,
And give each home the cheering glow,
No sorded wealth can win.

SUBSTITUTING OIL FOR COAL.

In United States naval circles it is now considered as certain that oil will be subsituted for coal on our cruisers and battleships. Recent experiments have demonstrated, it is reported, that the plan is not only feasible, but a great improvement over the use of coal. It not only gives the ships a greater steaming radius, according to experts, but it eliminates the tell tale trial of smoke that, in the event of war, could easily betray the whereabouts of a fleet. Vessels now built for the United States Government are being equipped with auxiliary oil apparatus. This is regarded as the first step of the government in its contemplated plan to eliminate the use of coal. If the results prove satisfactory, and it can be demonstrated that a vessel of war can be better propelled by the power derived from the use of oil, as locomotives are in the West, then the snbstitution of oil for coal will be made. The advantages of oil are that it saves space, can be quickly shipped, raises steam rapidly and can be drawn from America's great supply. It is cheaper and just as serviceable as coal. The Enghish navy is about to adopt it. On the other hand, oil is not so easy to obtain in all ports as coal, and it increases the danger to ships from hostile shells.—The Evangelist.

HUNTING FOR TROUBLE.

A traveler stopped at a country hotel in Arkansas. There was no water in his room when he arose in the morning, and he went downstairs and asked for some

"What for?" the landlord asked.

"I want to wash my face."

The landlord directed him to a creek near by, and he went there for his ablutions, followed by several children, who stared at him in amazement.

The traveler washed his face and combed his hair, as best he could, with a pocket comb.

The children circled about him with wide-open eyes. Finally the largest boy said: "Say, mister, do you all take all that trouble with yourself every day?"—Sel.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

How ready we are to judge and criticise others! And how sensitive to their judgment or criticism upon ourselves! While we cannot be indifferent to faults, we should guard against the spirit of fault finding: should judge, not without knowledge, love, or necessity, yet a dog is to be reckoned a dog, and a swine a swine Math. (7: 6). Our judgment of others are self-revealing, and the faults we see in others should render us watchful concerning our own.

"If an action may be considered in more lights than one, always choose the most favorable;" so, in estimating the conduct of others, we should endeavor to put the best construction upon their actions; should make due allowance for circumstances, and be slow to judge their motives.

If we avoid hasty and censorious criticism, and are more intent upon keeping ourselves right than making others so, we shall be in a better position to influence them for good. At the same time, in proffering advice, we must discriminate as to time, place and persons, or we may not only throw away good counsel but provoke abuse and hatred in return.

The great law of intercourse with our fellow-men should be the golden rule of love; that which it would be right and proper for us, in their circumstances, to desire to have done to ourselves, we should endeavor to the best of our ability to do to them; remembering always how we ourseves, in our weakness and our sinfulness, are dependent upon the mercy of our Father which is in heaven, and following His example in doing good unto all.— J. H. D. Jr., in Living Church.

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GOOD CHEER AS A MEDICINE.

A friend says that he remembers how, as a boy, when the old family physician used to come to the home so full of life and joy and gladness, with sunshine beaming from everp pore, members of the family would feel absolutely ashamed to be sick, ashamed to think that God's work, which was made perfect, should need patching up.

"The whole atmosphere of the house," he said, "seemed to change the minute the doctor entered. His hearty laugh, ringing through the rooms, as he rubbed his hands before the fire on a cold winter day, and his mere presence did us more good than pills or potions. Somehow, the very thought of his coming after we had sent for him seemed to drive away our troubles."

One of the most successful physicians in Boston gives very little medicone. He has a wonderful power of making the patient feel better after he has called. His jolly face and cheerful disposition seem to take the sting out of pain. He replaces despair with hope, dicouragement with confidence and a cheerful reassurance, so that the sick one feels a decided uplift and has a stronger determination to get well. The doctor's cheery presence has increased the power of his body to resist disease.

There is a great restorative force in cheerfulness. It is a sovereign remedy. The physician who can inspire expectancy of something better to come, who can give you confidence in your power to overcome disease, and can make you feel that it is a shame for a man made to do a great work in the world to be ailing, has very little use for drugs.

Sick people do not realize how much their faith and confidence in the physician have to do with their cure. If he is cheerful, happy, hopeful they feel buoyed up, sustained by his very presence. They feel the thrill of his splendid vitality, and gather strength from his courage. They catch the contagion of his cheerfulness and reflect his moods and condition.

Invalids who have dragged along in misery for years have been suddenly, as if by magic lifted out of their bondage by the cheer and encouragement which have come from some unexpcted good fortune. This shows us how dependent the body is upon the mind, how it sympathizes with it and takes on its coloring which are represented in the diffeerent functions.

Cheerfulness is one of the great miracle workers of the world. It reinforces the whole man, doubles and trebles his power, and gives new meaning to him. No man is a failure until he has lost his cheerfulness, his optimistic outlook. The man who carries a smiling face and keeps cheerful in the midst of discouragements, when things go wrong, when the way is dark and doubtful, is sure to win.

How many people there are who have lost everything they had,— even their homes and those dear to them,— but who have kept their cheerfulness, have never let go of their optimism. Is not this success? Who can say that their lives are failures, no matter whether they have managed to lay up money or not. Theirs are the heads that must wear crowns sometime, somehwhere.—Selected.

"WHERE THERE IS NO WAY."

[Continued from page one]

obtained ocular proof of the grief and affection of the big family of little boys whom Clara had taken to her heart. When she died in the early evening, one hundred and seventeen little boys at Leswalt Orphanage went motherless and broken-hearted to bed.

Mrs Vancourt gratefully accepted the suggestion that Clara should be buried at Leswalt, and promised to come down for the funeral. As they drove away, she remarked to Hannah and Emily:

"It will be the best to say nothing at home about this, girls. What is the use of raking up everything? We are still wearing black, so that we shall be showing our respect. It would be such a very difficult story to tell." They agreed, but in their dull eyes dwelt unutterable thoughts.

But Clara had passed out of the wilderness, into the light beyond.—Evelyn Orchard in British Weekly.

A CONSIDERATION OF SOME OF THE INHERENT DIFFICULTIES IN THE INSTITUTION.

By T. U. Vaughn, Superintendent of Odd Fellows Orphanage, Greenville, South Carolina.

The thorough organization, the well formulated plans governing almost every phase of the work, the splendid discipline usually maintained in the institution present a system apparently free from defect or danger. But from our experience and observation there are found some seemingly unseparable difficulties. Many of these, however, can be largely remedied, we believe, if not entirely removed.

The daily grind of the routine work tends to reduce life to a mere mechanical process—giving but little opportunity for the exercise or development of individuality. The ringing of a bell delights a boy if it means a fire-alarm, and the beat of the drum thrills him if it heralds the coming of the soldiers, but when these become the signals governing almost every action of his life, they become extremely monotonous, and he chafes under them. He may, without a murmur, skilfully comply to every demand of the great machinery work of the institution, he is often embarrassed from the lack of self-reliance.

The value of the companionship of an older person to the child is often under-estimated and over-looked in the institution. If we will only consider for a moment the place the mother occupies in the child's life, we can more fully appreciate the yearnings of the little orphan child for that sympathetic and loving companionship of an older person to take the place of mother. But however true and loving a matron may be, she finds it impossible with her manifold duties upon her, to supply this companionship to so great a flock. She is compelled to overlook many of the needs and demands of the individual.

Personal liberties must be restricted in the same proportion as the number to be governed is increased. One boy running through the house may give no disturbance, but let twenty-five boys do the same thing and they will immediately be called up for disorderly conduct. Children in the institution are often denied the little things that add so much to their happiness and contentment simply because of the appalling task of supplying so great a number. The other day a boy asked for a kite. It was given him. But immediately twenty other little boys wanted kites also. This somewhat changed the situation. In our zeal to maintain perfect order in the institution, we may impose limitations upon individual freedom, until we not only rob the tender life of its dearest pleasures, but may materially affect the hygenic and mental condition as well. This particular phase of our work demands caution.

We underestimate the place that play occupies in the child's life. We supervise the study period and the work hours, but do not hesitate to excuse ourselves from the play-ground. Here we miss the richest opportunity for studying the child's true nature. The child wrestling with the problems of play is the future man wrestling with the problems of life. Children demand a leader—some older person in whom they have implicit confidence and whom they know to be in full sympathy with them. When children of different ages and tastes are left to devise and direct their games, the results are usually discouraging to the younger ones and nearly always disgusting to the older ones.

The custom sometimes permitted in the institution of visitors handing out coins directly to the children should not be allowed. It fosters the spirit of dependence and gives the child the idea that the world owes him a living.

We find it very difficult to impart to some of our children a proper regard for property. Many of them have come from families whose surroundings in no wise impressed upon them the sacredness of property. Neither do the conditions in the institution readily correct this evil. The possessing of all things in common tends to weaken personal interest and lowers the esteem for the object thus shared. Common ownership failed in our first English Colony. It has the same attendant evils in the institution. It is true that individual ownership has its complications, and many personal differences will have to be settled? but after all, if the training the child receives in the institution does not give him the ability to meet difficulties in later life, to that extent our work has been in vain.

Another difficulty we might mention is the dietary and culinary problems. Too strong an emphasis cannot be placed upon this part of our subject. Some peoples' minds are not entirely free from the old idea that any old thing is good enough for the orphan. The grocerman remembers us with his bargains—flour made from musty wheat, sugar tainted with kerosene, meal just a little soured, or his old stock of oat-flakes which nobody else can be induced to buy. He well knows our besetting weakness—the temptation to take quantity rather than quality.

The dangers in the cooking department of an institution are cheifly, under-done food, uncleanliness, and unattractive serving. It is harder to thoroughly cook a large quantity than a small quantity, and therefore, too often in the institution the food is served half cooked. The digestion of some foods, as starchy foods for instance, begins with the cooking. Underdone bread, rice, hominy, or, potatoes, are sure to produce indigestion. Danger lurks in uncleanliness everywhere but nowhere more seriously than in the kitchen. Half washed vessels, food exposed to flies, uncleanliness in the person cooking, are often found in the kitchens of institutions. Everybody knows how much the attractive appearance of food adds to the enjoyment of it and everybody knows how much the enjoyment of food adds to the digestibility of it. In our large institutions the food is nearly always dumped higgledy-piggledy on the table with no thought of tastefulness or attractiveness of arrangement. The dishes are unattractive, the table is unattractive for a lack of clean linen and silver, and naturally the food is unattractive.

These are a few of the difficulties we have to contend with in the institution. They constitute real problems demanding our most earnest consideration. Let us meet them in a prayerful and courageous spirit, and the Master in His own way will use them to our edification in the work and to the salvation of the orphan child.

Neglect mending a small fault, and 'twill soon be a great one.—Franklin.

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Lv Edenton	2 00pm	† 7 45am	* 3 15pm	5 00pm
Ar Elizabeth City	3 00pm	8 55am	4 25pm	6 10pm
Ar Norfolk	4 25pm	10 40am	6 10pm	7 55pm
Lv Raleigh	* 6 15am	* 4 25pm		‡ 6 00am
Ar Chocowinity	10 15am	8 25pm		9 57am
Lv Chocowinity	10 59am		* 5 27pm	10 00am
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Lv Kinston		7 55am	5 20pm	
Ar New Bern		9 05am	6 35pm	
Lv New Bern		9 16am	6 45pm	11 15am
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